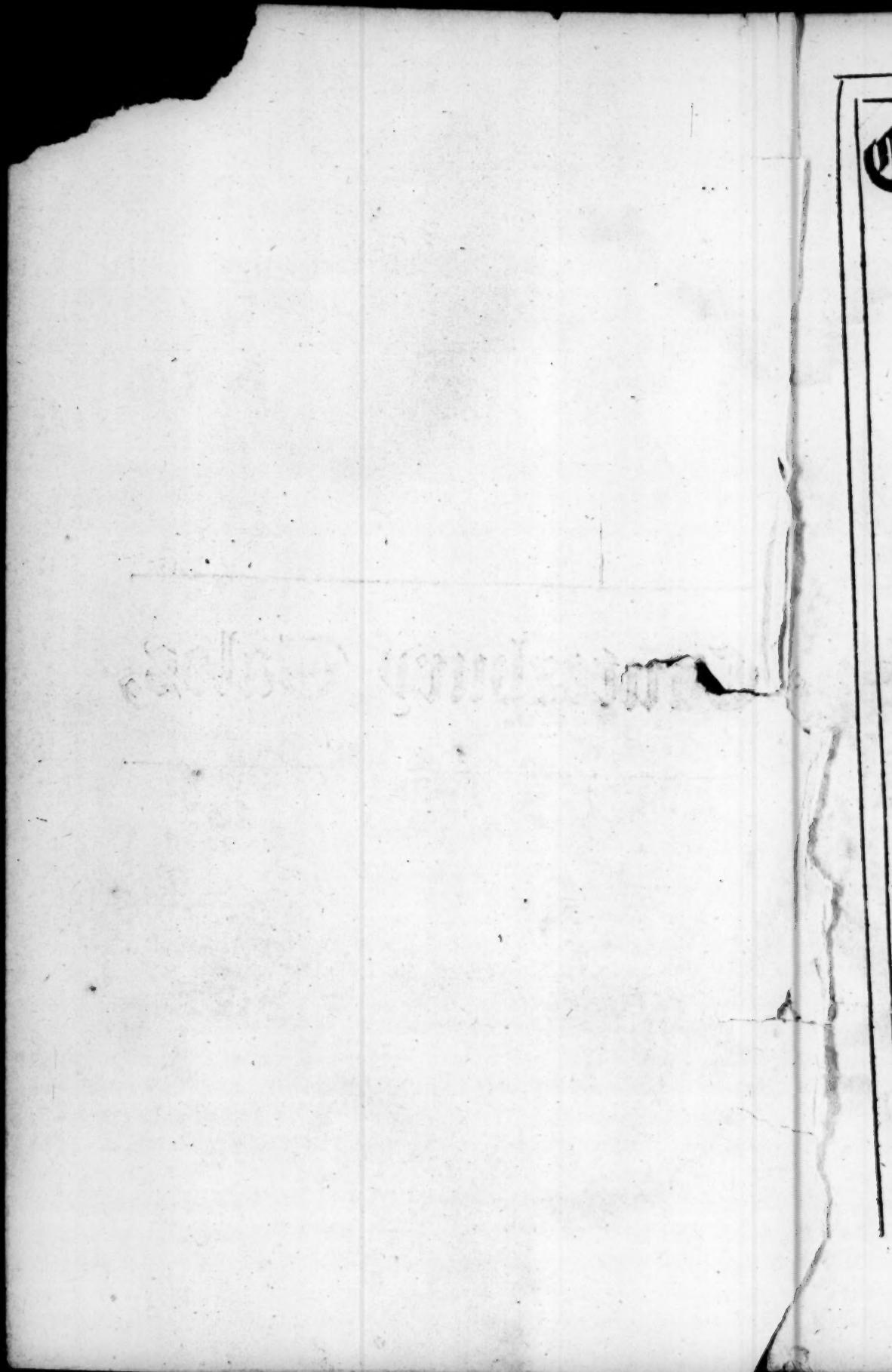


25.
VV2/66

Canterbury Tales.



Canterbury Tales,

RENDRED INTO

Familiar VERSE,

VIZ.

The Plain Proof.

The Forreigner.

The Choice.

An Eagle and a Crow.

The Qualification.

The Politician.

The Revolution.

The Resignation.

The Partition.

The Republican.

The Wind and Weather.

The Bariſter. (Man.)

Written by no Body.

-----*Non Fabula, rumor*
Ille fuit----- Ovid.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1701.

Price 6 d.

E H E

P R E F A C E.

THE Sight of the Title gives the Reader to Understand, we are to seek for the Author, yet since no account can be given of him, it is Material we should say something in Favour of his Book, and let the Publick know why they are call'd Canterbury-Tales, when they are Printed at London, and take their Name from a Place, which perhaps the Author of 'em knows no better than Him that publishes 'em. To be short, I received 'em in a Packet from a Friend in Kent, by a Carrier, Two or Three Days since; who, I dare take my Oath of it, is no Poet Himself, nor was ever known to be a Dabler in Metre since he was Born; yet he knew me to have some Inclination that way, and that I often Diverted my self, with the perusal of things of this Nature, wherefore He sent 'em up as a Present to me, with an Account how he came by 'em, and a World of Pro-

The Preface.

Protestations that He did not Write a Word of 'em himself, desiring me to take Notice, He was not so like to Break yet, as to turn Poet, or to Quit a good Thriving Inn-Keepers Business, for a starving Hungary Tenement in Parnassus. I believed Him at first sight, but wish'd rather He had sent me a Good Chine and Turky, than a Parcel of Papers to Chaw upon ; which is no great Nourishment for a British Constitution, nor a Gist at all proper to Dine upon in th Cold Month of November. However, when I came to that part of His Letter, where He said the Parson of His Parish approved of 'em extraordinary well, and that the Country Justices thereabouts, Swore nothing could be finer, it gave me a desire to look into the Verses, and make an Enquiry from thence, whether His Parson was as Orthodoxly dull, as the Generality of your Country Cushion-Beaters are, or the Justices in Kent, had more Distinguishing Judgments than some of the Worshipful Coram-Nobis's, in a Country not Ten Miles from it. When I had no sooner Read the first Tale, but the surprize I was in at the Humour of it, and the Pleasure I conceiv'd at the Satyr, made me conclude the Gentleman whom his Letter spoke to be a Traveller, and who had accidentally left these Papers behind Him in His Chamber, had kept better Company, than is any where to be had in Country Towns, at their Chief Clubs on Market Days, and though the Tales were Dropt in

RIATE

The Preface.

in the Country, it was Apparent by the Wit and Air which was in 'em, the Person who left 'em behind Him, was no stranger to London. I need give no other reason for the publishing 'em, than the readiness ev'ry Person should shew in being Useful to the Publick; and that every one, though Uncapable Himself of Obliging the World, ought to do it, when in his Power, by the Hands of Another; and though the Gentleman perhaps never design'd 'em for the Press, I hope He'll give His Excuse for Printing 'em without His Leave, since I knew not where to apply my self to request the Grant of it. I have nothing more than to instance in one Particular, that I have forgot, which is the reason why I call 'em Canterbury-Tales, when they seem Calculated for the Meridian of London, and were found in a Town very distant from it; and that is, because that City is the Metropolis of the County, whence we are oblig'd with 'em.

TALE

TALE I.

The PROOF.

THE Lion having held the Reins,
 By ill Advisers led,
 The Beasts perceiv'd his want of Brains,
 And took his Crown to save his Pains,
 And plac'd it on the *Tyger's* head.

Made King of Brutes he wisely saw
 His Predecessor's Faults,
 And kept his Enemies in awe,
 As he lov'd Justice and the Law,
 Tho' some had other Thoughts.

And these were willing to be blind,
 When Truth was just appearing;
 But did every one Their

*Their Prince was of the Lyon's Kind,
A Whelp for Government design'd,
And more not worth the hearing.*

*The Pious Monarch tho' he knew
His Right beyond disputes,
Could not but be concern'd to view,
How fast the foolish Humour grew,
Amongst the silly Brutes.*

*And sigh'd, and studied to reclaim
A People lost to Sence,
But they stood resolute to their shame,
And cry'd up the young *Lion's* Fame,
As if their Lawful Prince.*

*When to his Majesty there run,
An Ape with Visage furious,
And said, my Leige, here's Ten to One
The *Lion* has no Living Son.
I'll prove his Birth is Spurious.*

Hold

Hold— said the Sov'reign Beast, thou Sor,
 And strait withdraw thy Phiz,
 Should such a Rascal fay, he's not
 Legitimate, and true Begot,
 The World will think he is.

Moral.

*Thus for the Teller's sake the Tale we slight,
 And F-ll-rs only Read what F-ll-rs write.*

T A L E II.

The FOREIGNER.

A Farmer bought a *Partridge* for his use,
 And amongst other Poultry turn'd her loose
 But neither Hens nor Cocks would let her feed,
 Or gather up the gleanings of the Seed ;
 All fell on her, tho' All had meat enough,
 And us'd her very scurvily and rough.

She sigh'd, and took her Suff'rings much to heart,
 As knowing she had none to take her part,
 And thought her being of a diff'rent Race,
 Occasion'd all those Tokens of Disgrace.
 But when the Cocks against the Cocks arose,
 And Crow'd, and bristled up, and fell to Blows,
 She took some comfort in her wretched state,
 Nor wonder'd half so much at Stranger's hate.
 Fool, as I was, she thus her self exprest,
 To wonder at their Treatment of their Guest,
 The Reason's plain, and obvious to the sight,
 When Birds with Birds of their own Species fight.

Moral.

Let two Great Lords abus'd of late,
 From hence this Comfort take,
 That the lewd Wretch that shew'd his hate
 Of Foreign Counsels in the State,
 Ne're did it for his Country's sake.

TALE III.

The CHOICE.

When Birds had Rules of Government,
 And were Acknowledg'd by consent,
 For true and lawful States ;
 They met, (as Charters make appear
 Was always usual once a Year,)
 To Chuse new Magistrates.
 And after some Disputes and Heat,
 With which Elections always meet,
 Some Officers they chose ;
 But who should be the Chief of all,
 Next to the Scepter, and the Ball,
 Had like t' have cost 'em Blows.
 It seem'd that a Religious Zeal
 Had crept within this Common-weal,
 In Parties two divided :
 One, as it should, stood up for *Jove*,
 To shew its Duty, and its Love,
 With *Merc'ry* t'other sided.

Yet

Yet tho' the Justice of his Cause,
 Their Constitutions, and their Laws,
 In favour of *Jove* pleaded,
 The subtle God of Cheats and Trade,
 A Knavish part so slighly play'd,
 His *Votaries* succeeded ;
 And by the means of Bird who's nameless,
 A canting *Pye* by nature shameless,
 Hopt forward to the Chair,
 And having squatted down his Breech,
 Gave Thanks in a most serious Speech,
 As long as any Prayer,
 With that a *Lark* who gave his Vote
 For Magistrate of greater Note,
 Whose Bounty had releas'd
 Both him, and others, from the Claws
 Of many a Vulture, and the Paws
 Of many a rav'ous Beast,
 Cry'd out in a most dismal fright,
 Is this a Match for yonder Kite ?
 Great *Jove* look down and keep us.

Or else we little Folks must dye,
 For all th' assistance of the *Pye*,
 The Birds of Prey will sweep us.

Fie, said the *Pidgeon*, not so fast,
 Consider who 'twas Rul'd us last,
 And you'l not be so fearful :
 A *Mag*'s as good as any *Bat*,
 Then, prithee Child, no more of that,
 He cannot be less careful.

Moral.

Thus some perhaps may question A---- Fame,
 But L---- is the Man deserv's their Blame.
 One may Direct, as well as t'other Guide,
 But Bats are never constant to a Side ;
 With Winds they vary that from Courts arise,
 This hour they flatter, and the next despise ;
 Promise, recant, are p-rj--'d in a Strain,
 And shew how Governably they can reign.

TALE IV.

An Eagle and a Crow.

AN *Eagle* out in search for Prey,
 And in persuit of Food,
 Met with a *Lambkin* in his way,
 A grazing near a Wood ;
 And down she made an eager stoop,
 As Hunger urg'd her hast,
 And in an instant truss'd it up,
 And whirl'd away the Feast.

A*Crow* stood perching on a Tree,
 And grinning at the Feat,
 Said, *I'll have some as well as she,*
 Since 'tis so cheap a Meat.
 With that he fix'd upon a Ram,
 And gave a furious pull
 To bear it up, as she the Lamb,
 But stuck within the Wool.

The

The Shepherd laugh'd to find her caught,

And went and seiz'd the Thief,

And homeward to his Children brought,

The Bird of strange Belief.

They gap'd, and ey'd the Fool apace,

Whose Wings were clip'd and lame,

And knowing not the Bird by's Face,

Were earnest for his Name.

Children, said he, he'll swear his Veins

With Eagle's Blood o're-flow :

But I'le affirm that Man's no Brains,

That thinks him not a *Crow*.

Moral.

So factious T-l-d may himself abuse,

And fancying Milton's Vice try Milton's Muse,

As uncontented with Prosaick Crimes,

He storms in Verse, and damns himself in Rhimes.

Yet Clito shall be despicably low,

And Adeis'demon rise with Aesop's Crow.

TALE V.

The QUALIFICATION.

A Serious *Afs* of sober Face
 And Sect, as e'er was known,
 Strove, in his Turn to mount the Throne,
 And Rule the Bestial Race.

But as the Laws of Brutes enjoyn'd
 That none should be their Chief,
 Unless of such and such *Belief*,
 And of *Conforming* Kind.

'Twas hop'd by those whose Int'rest lay
 Quite opposite to his,
 A Person of so *grave* a Phiz,
 Would never deviate from his wonted Way.

And tho' He could *Etch* out a Pray'r,
 As long as any Sinner,
 At *S----*r's, or at Hall call'd *P----*ner,
 He ne'er would *Drink* and *Swear*.

ELIAZ.

But

But that was all a grand Mistake,

Sir Formal was no Novice,

And knew that such a *gainful* Office
Deserv'd Compliance for its sake.

And after many a squeamish Face,

He took the Liquor up

With much a-do, and kiss'd the Cup,
And was Establish'd in the Place.

For shame, said one, I never thought,

An *Aſſ* of any Sence,

Would give his Brethren this Offence,
Or yield to such a Fault.

Rather, my Leige, renounce your Claim

To Doctrine, Proof and Text,

Than let our Righteous Soul be vex'd,
At such a burning Shame.

The Counsel's good, he cry'd, you bring,

And it might currant pass,

Were I like you, a common *Ass*,
And not a Sov'reign King.

But you must pardon me the *Choice*,
I now have made to *Reign*,
Since you'd accept the *Terms* 'tis plain,
Had you the *Casting Voice*.

Not one amongst the Godly *Crew*,
Would boggle at the *Sin*,
But like *Me* doat on *Pow'r* when *in*,
When *Out*, despise like *You*.

Moral.

Tho' false Non-con the Church's Doctrin hate,
He'll Swear and Trim to go to Church in State,
And not a Saint of all the whining Breed,
But would for S--- and M--- quit Calvin's Creed.

TALE VI.

The POLITICIAN.

A *Leopard of no vulgar Birth, or Size,*
 And as he made appear, not over-wise;
 Once on a time his Consort caught
 With another *Leopard* naught,
 But tho' the Merits of the Cause,
 Demanded he should whet his Paws,
 And grin, and gowl, and fall upon
 The Beast which had this Evil done.

To Court, the Mournful Husband sighing fled,
 Leaving th' Adulterer safe within his Bed,
 And to the King of Beasts himself apply'd,
 Beseeching him to take a Cuckold's side,
 And beg'd him if he lov'd a Subject's life,
 To help him to another Wife :

The Monarch smil'd, as one that knew
 The reason why his Partner was untrue,
 And told his Lordship that in such a Case
 'Twas fit he should conceal his late disgrace,
 Advising

Advising him to turn her off,
And that was Satisfaction enough.

But still the foolish Beast implor'd

The Goodness of his Sov'reign Lord,
That he would please to think it fit,

To let him shew his want of Wit,

And having audience of the States

Prove his own Infamy and his Mates.

The *Lyon* saw 'twas fruitless to perswade,

And that his Arguments in vain were laid

Before a Beast, who would not hear,

Gave leave that Council should appear,

And strait they took a deal of pains,

To shew he had more *Horns* than *Brains*,

And made it evidently seem

His Spouse had other Bedfellows than him,

As they from many a president and Rule

Prov'd her a Wh--, and him a F--.

The Judges having heard his Wrongs,

Bid bawling Lawyers hold their clam'r'ous

Tongues,

And

And as a thing of Course
 Gave the Plaintiff a Divorce,
 Telling the *Leopardess* she might
 Lay with her Spark now Ev'ry night.

Well Seignior, said the King, (who saw
 The Promulgation of the Law,
 And that the Beast most Reverently bow'd,
 And all transported thank'd the Croud.)

Believe it, You are not a Jot
The Better for the Cause You've got,
Perhaps you reckon you are free,
Since rid of such a Beast as she;
 But it's mistake, for tho' You lose the *Wife*,
 You cannot shake off *Cuckold* all your life.

TALE VII.

The REVOLUTION.

THe *Pidgeons* worried by a *Kite*,
 Besought a *Vulture*'s aid,
 And to be freed from farther fright,
 Him their Protector made.

The Bird of Prey was glad at's heart,
 And gave the Fools his word,
 He'd act a very faithful part,
 And be a careful Bird.

When he of's Place was scarce possess'd,
 But greedy to devour,
 He fix'd his Claws, and made a Feast
 Of those that gave him Pow'r.

Defend us Jove, a Pidgeon cry'd,
And Venus save thy Doves,
Who for our Safety should provide,
Our P----r proves.

Fools

Fools as we are, the Kite destroy'd
 But few at several times,
 This always Eats, and never cloy'd,
 Still riot's in his Crimes.
 By my Consent e'en let's invite
 That Enemy to befriend us
 There is some reason in the Kite,
 This instantly will end us.
 One of the Vulture's grasps will do;
 More harm and Execution,
 Than any Kite with ten times two,
 I'm for another R-vo-l--n.

TALE VIII.

The RESIGNATION.

A Certain *Fox* had stole a Neighbour's Goose,
 And being hard pursu'd,
 Was forc'd immediately to turn her loose,
 And take for shelter to a Wood.

D

Yet

Yet still the Country People ran,
 Swearing they'd kill him Ev'ry Man
 And strait besat the Place,
 Which *Reynard* had for Refuge chose,
 That he in safety from his Foes,
 Might hide his roguish Face.

Zounds! cry'd the *Felon*, what d'ye mean,
 By following me so close ?
 Can I be guilty of a Sin,
 Who have restor'd your *Goose* ?
 That's what you seek for, I perceive,
 Then prithee, Fellows, give me leave
 To rest a while in quiet ;
 Your Neighbour has his own again,
 And 'twas a favour, I maintain,
 For me to quit such Diet.
 With that a Bumpkin made reply,
 Faith, Master, betwixt you and I,
 You've done the thing that's Civil ;
 It's true, we have regain'd the *Theft*,
 But should the *Thief* alive be left,

Odzooks, 'twould be the Devil.

*Spare such as You? A very pritty Jest,
You've stoln one Goose, but you shan't steal the rest.*

Moral.

*A St---man question'd in his Trust,
Flings up his Place to prove He's Just,
And thinks that he may Favour find,
Because his Office he resign'd ;
But P---l---m-nnts have other thoughts,
And yet may search into his Faults ;
As they the Man, and not the Place pursue,
And give Offending Sinners what's their due.*

T A L E IX.

The PARTICION.

A *Dolphin taken mighty ill,
Took to his Bed, and made his Will,
And settled his Affairs ;*

For fear that after his Decease,
 Some might disturb his Subject's peace,
 By setting up for Heirs.

Nor Son, nor Daughter, bleſſ'd his life,
 But Childleſſ was his Caſe,
 Tho' 'twas acknowledg'd that his Wife,
 Came from a Teeming Race.

Which made a *Salmon*, and a *Pike*,
 (His neareſt Kindred) wait
 Till Death the final Blow should strike,
 To ſeize on his Estate.

The *Salmon* had as fair a Plea,
 For the Dominion of the Sea,
 As could be thought upon :
 And t'other Swore, and kept a pothet,
 He had a Title from his Mother,
 And was a *Sister's Son*.

As theſe were jarring which ſhould Reign,
 And be the Sov'reign of the Main,
 A ſubtle *Pilchard* flirting by,
 Cry'd he coul'd ſee with half an Eye,

He must resign the Provinces he stole,
 Should either of the Two possess the whole,
 Cousin, that's right, a *Roach* reply'd,
 I'm altogether of your side,
 Since 'tis most evidently true,
 I've cause to fear as well as you,
 For he that makes no bones of *Pilchards*, may
 Snap at a *Roach* that meets him in his way:
 Wherefore 'twas readily Agreed
 Between 'em both, to send
 Ambassadors to interceed,
 And make each Fish their Friend;
 The *Salmon*, fearful at his heart,
 The *Dolphin* would declare
 In favour of the *Pike*, sent word, a *Part*
 Should serve him for his Share;
 So, t'other would but take the rest,
 Which was full Ten to One:
 But he tho's Share was much the best,
 Swore he'd have *All* or *None*.

All,

All ! cry'd the *Salmon* ? that is fine,
 You'l one day find that something's mine,
 Or it shall cost me dearly :
 And presently a Bargain made,
 To stand to every Word he said,
 And keep his Word sincerely.

The *Roach* and *Pilchard* with him join'd,
 And glad to see him in that mind,
 Allotted him some Waters,
 As *Lakes* and *Rivers*, but the *Sea*
 Was the *Pike's* Legacy to be,
 With many other Matters.

The *Watry* Monarch shaking 's head,
 To see 'em thus employ'd,
 And parcel out, 'fore he was Dead,
 The Kingdoms he enjoy'd,
 Order'd the *Salmon* should have *All*,
 And in his Throne preside ;
 When having wept his early fall,
 He flounc'd, and stretch'd, and dy'd.

The

The *Salmon* had no sooner heard
 The News which pleas'd his Soul,
 But with his Armies he appear'd,
 And strait possess'd the whole.
 The *Mediators* saw the thing,
 And instantly were griev'd ;
 And cry'd out, who'd have thought a King,
 His Friends should have deceiv'd ?
 Hark you, my Comrades, he reply'd,
 I only took a Share
 When things were doubtful on my side,
 But now I am Sole Heir.

Moral.

E----d and H----d may their Counsels join,
 And Fr---- may seem to further the Design,
 Willing to please, and eager to maintain
 Her claim to N-pl-s while she doubts of Sp--
 But now the lingering Sovereign is dead,
 And leaves her Grand-child Monarch in his stead,
 It's fear'd that former Treaties she'll disown,
 And do the very same the Salmon's done.

TALE

TALE X.

The REPUBLICAN.

A Country-Fellow took a *Daw*
 A pillaging his Wheat,
 And tho' 'twas hanging by the Law,
 Ty'd only one of's Feet ;
 And gave him to a little Child,
 Who with a deal of Joy
 Made much of him, and laugh'd and Smil'd,
 At such a pleasing Toy.
 But yet the Bird was plauguy dull,
 To think he was confin'd ;
 And tho' he had his Belly full,
 Was not content in mind.
 Wherefore he from his Keeper slip't,
 And longing to be free,
 To an Adjacent Thicket Skip'd
 And *kaw'd* out *Liberty*.

When

When 'twas not long before the string,
 He had upon his foot,
 Entangled him, and made him sing
 Another kind of Note.
 And ready to give up the Ghost,
 For want of usual Food,
 He own'd that he himself had lost,
 Not knowing what was good.
 Fool, as I am, I was preserv'd
 When kept from being *free*,
 He cry'd ; but now alaſſ I'm starv'd,
 And with my *Life* have purchas'd *Liberty*.

Moral.

Down, down, with Kings our Common-wealths Men cry,
The Name's infectious grown,
Nor let the Rays of Liberty,
Be darkned by the Throne :
When should the Powers they pray so grant
The Mischiefs they implore,
The Nation would experience the want,
And starve, who pinch'd before.

TALE XI.

The Wind and Weather-Man.

THE Raven's formerly were look'd upon
 As Wind and Weather-wise:
 And could foretel the brightness of the Sun
 Or Darkness of the Skies.
 Which made all Travellers far and near
 Consult their Bodeing Throats,
 To know if Day was likely to be clear,
 Or they should use their Riding-Coats.
 A Crow saw what respect was shewn
 To the Prophetick Bird;
 And since h' had the same *Looks* and *Tone*,
 Would try to be preferr'd.
 And up he perch'd upon a Tree,
 As Priest on *Tripos* mounts,
 Foretelling what should never be,
 And giving false Accounts.

When several Fellows jogging by,
 Observ'd his *Nod* and *Croak*,
 And one amongst the rest, said I
 Will home and fetch my *Cloak* ;
 For, Friends of mine, I dare maintain
 From that same Prophet's Voice,
 The Man who loves to ride i' th' *Rain*,
 Now has it in his Choice.
 They look'd, and look'd again, to be
 More truly Stisfy'd ;
 If 'twas a *Raven* on the Tree,
 That they might also *Cloaks* provide.
 At last, one wiser than 'em all
 Found out the Counterfeit,
 And gave his Comrade, (who turn'd Tail) a Call,
 And told him 'twas a Cheat.
 Yon' Fool, said he, which stand's a loof,
 And nod's at us below,
 A Rogue, I know him well enough,
 He's nothing but a sorry *Crow*,
 I'll forward on my Journy set,

And give the Fool the Lye,
 For since He tell's us 'twill be *Wet*,
 By all that's good it must be *dry*,

Moral.

Let the St. Alban's Prophet learn from hence
To let his Schemes alone ;
And know, that People who have Sence,
Can find out those who've none.
His Sun-shine Days no Man uncloak'd can try,
And his Wet stormy Nights are always calm and dry.

TALE XII.

The BARISTER.

A Country Fellow very poor,
 And by *Law Suits* oppress'd,
 Knock'd at a certain Lawyer's door,
 To have his Wrongs redress'd.
 He knock'd, and one was ready strait
 To palm the righteous Fee,

But

But in an instant shut the Gate,

At sight of one so poor as he.

Swounds Man, he cry'd, What is't you mean?

Iz'e Plead in Form of Paper,

S'life open me your Door agen,

Or Iz'e will break the Rapper.

The Servant gravely in return,

Advis'd him to be gone,

And come again another Morn,

And's Bus'ness should be done.

Another Morn the Client came,

Eager to be releas'd,

Another, and 'twas all the same,

He was but made a Jest.

With that the Fellow tore his Hair,

And scratch'd his head, to find

A way to get admission there,

And ease his restless mind.

When 'twas not long before he cry'd,

I'ze now do understand,

The Lawyer won't my Cause decide,

Because I've nothing in my hand.

But

But Iz'e some other means will try,

To finish this Dispute,
And bring a Person by and by,
Shall make me gain the Suit.

And homewards to his Cot he ran,
With all convenient speed,
Resolving to return again,
And brought with him a Kid.

The Servant spy'd the Gift he brought,
And let him in at last,
And having been his Lesson taught,
Excus'd his want of hast.

Dear Sir, said he, my Master sent
As soon as you were gone,
And's under no small discontent
Because your bus'ness is not done.

However you may rest assur'd,
This minute shall obtain
What very few could have procur'd,
And Favourites only gain.

And in he to the Parlour led
The Bumpkin in a trice,

Who

Who having heard what's Master said,
 And taken his Advice.
 Hark you, said he, you may suppose,
 That you have been my Friend,
 But here is one stands by that knows,
 Who brought Matters to an end.
 And turning he Address'd the *Kid*,
 And bow'd, and said 'twas clear,
 His Cause would stand much as it did,
 Were not *She-Council* here.

Moral.

D---- may boast his Knowledge in the Laws,
And Sl--- may think 'tis he that gains the Cause.
As they to fill their Pockets, wast their Lungs,
And urge a bawling Conflict with their Tongues;
But Yellow Advocates alone can plead,
And Guinea's make their Clients to succeed.

F I N I S.

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